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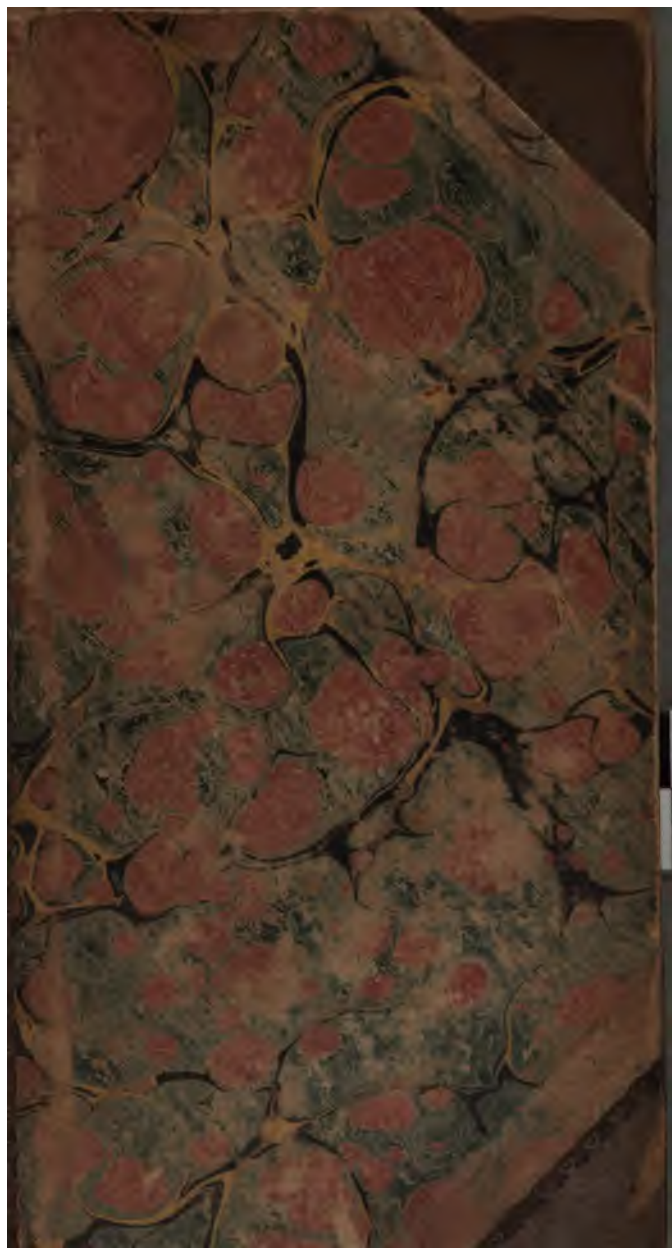
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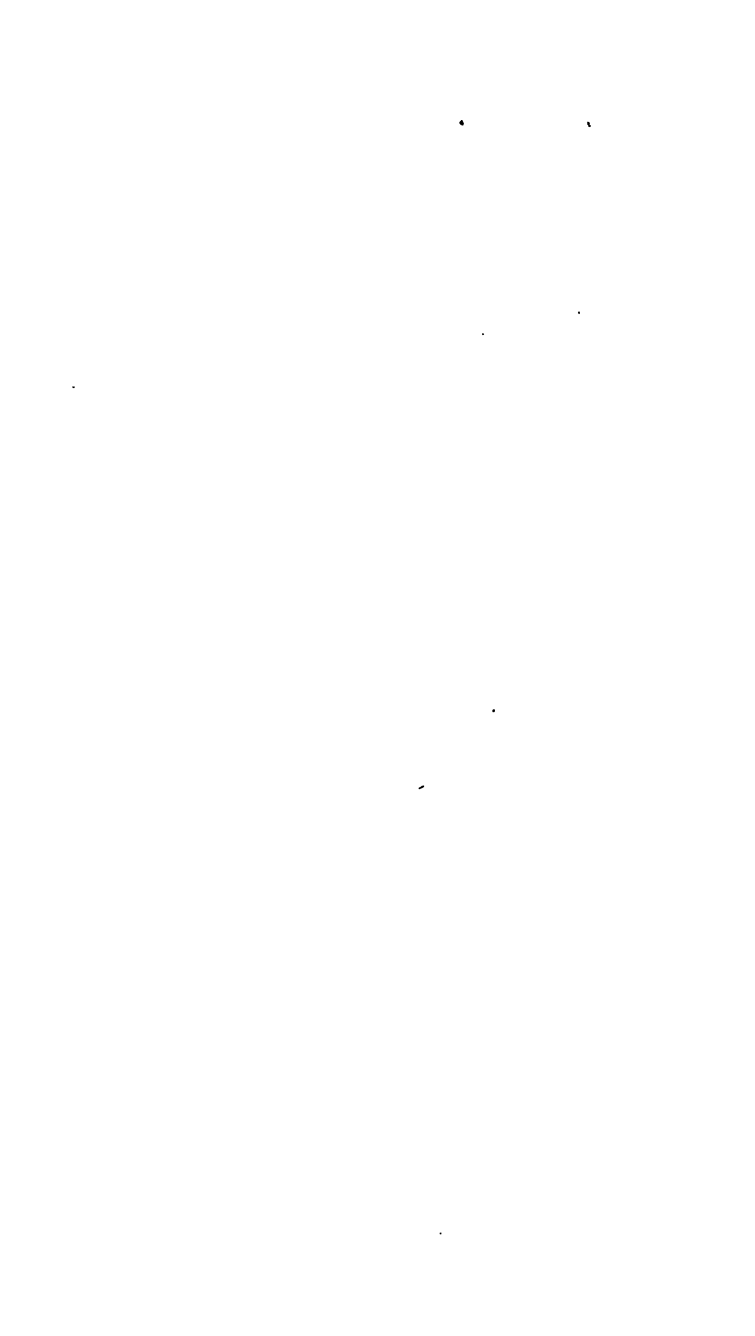




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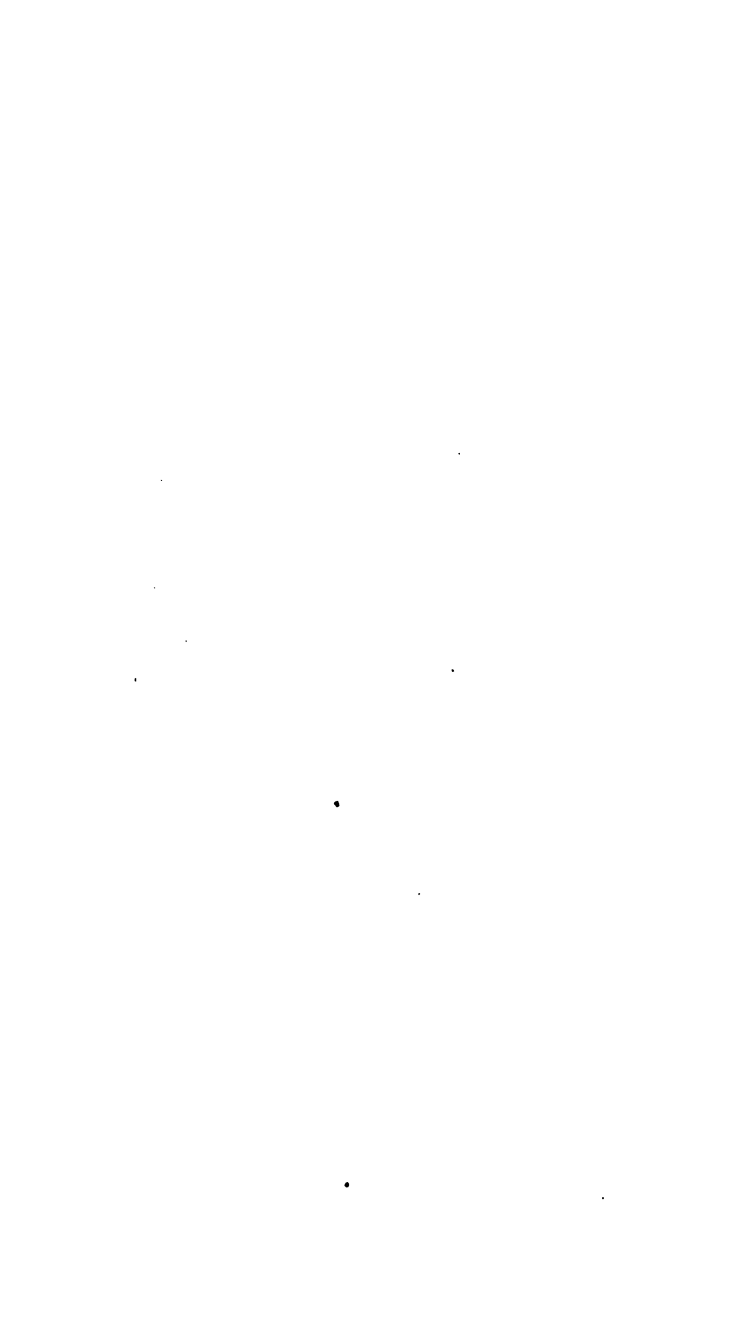
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143.





LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS.



✓ 5.1 14.1829.
LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS:

BY

MARIA JANE JEWSBURY,

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS TO THE YOUNG," &c.

So hath my spirit passed!
Pouring itself away,
As a wild bird amidst the foliage turns
That which within him triumphs, beats, or burns,
Into a fleeting lay.

Mrs. Hemans.

LONDON:

J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.

1829.

143.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY IBOTSON AND PALMER, SAVOY-STREET, STRAND.

TO
MRS HEMANS,
LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS
ARE INSCRIBED;
IN REMEMBRANCE OF
THE SUMMER PASSED IN HER SOCIETY,
AND AS A MEMORIAL
ALIKE OF ADMIRATION AND AFFECTIONATE REGARD.



Where dwelleth yesterday ?

Hours, sweet hours, ye are vanished,
Your summer life is dead,
And far away are banished
The gay delights ye shed !
Ye are dwelling with the faded flowers,
Ye are with the suns long set,
But oh ! your memory, gentle hours,
Is a living vision yet.

Peace, lovely hours, bright peace,
Although ye ne'er return,
And thoughts as when the glorious cease,
Be—for your memory worn.
Where were the endless river,
Did not the rill flow on ?
And where Heaven's blest "for ever,"
If life's hours ne'er were gone ?

M. J. J.

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INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

Queen of all harmonious things,
Dancing words, and speaking strings.

Cowley.

SPIRIT, or Power, or Spell, or whatsoe'er
Of name beseems thee best, Ethereal Thing,
That hast, like sleep, dominion strong and fair,
Sealing the senses, with thy poppied wing,
To shows external ;—prompt instead to bring
 Resplendent visions, soul-enchanting dreams,
 In which life's vexing cares and sordid schemes
Dissolve, as darkness doth in the sun's fervid beams ;

Spirit of Poesy ! Enchantress ! Friend !

For such, with serious faith, I fondly name thee ;
Gift, that doth every gift, save one, transcend,
Ill were the deed, if *now* I should defame thee,
And not with boldness, though with blushes, claim
thee :

Not mine the temples with thy laurel crown'd,
The lips that may thy mysteries resound,—
Yet art thou mine, and I to thee am bound.

Do not I love thee, though with small return ?
Do not I serve thee, though I once forbore ?
Do I not study, though I little learn
Of thy harmonious wiles and stringed lore ?
Will I not love, serve, study, ever more ?

Ah ! timorous hand, that, daunted by the briar,
To pluck the glowing rose would ne'er aspire !
Ah ! minstrel mean, that for aught leaves the lyre !

Say not I love thee for my own rude singing :—

Far other bards entrance my heart and eye ;

Poets who write as princes revel,—flinging

Odours and gold upon the passers by ;—

Those that “in antique leaves entreasured lie :”

Clear, stationary stars that know no setting ;

Firm rocks that wear not with the torrent’s wetting ;

Poets, brave poets, that defy forgetting.

For those fair sights which sickness oft debars,

Do they, magicians, pour upon my view,

Till my low roof, like heaven, teems with stars,

The circling air breathes ambient with dew,

And all my couch embowering roses strew :—

Change fair without, but fairer far within,

Their music lulls Disquiet’s querulous din,

And bright-browed Peace is won to make her nest
therein.

Yet Poesy ! shall mortal minstrel ne'er
Thy full-imagined loveliness behold,
Till freed from Sin, and Sin's vile bondmaid, Care,
He walks no longer in earth's fettering mould ;
And thou, to angel lips and harps of gold
 Art inspiration, perfect, pure, and deep ;
 Like that (save that no cloud shall o'er it sweep)
God breathed in Adam when he woke from sleep.

Then whilst a pilgrim here, celestial stranger,
And though enshrouded, men with rapture view thee,
Whate'er the clime or heart in which a ranger,
Let thy bright home be as a star unto thee,
That, with a tongue of fire, doth heavenwards woo
 thee.

Wings hast thou ?—fold them not in rest supine ;
And incense ?—waste it on no human shrine ;
An ever-burning lamp ?—oh ! be its light divine.

THE FIRST SACRIFICE.

PART I.

A small dell, open on one side to the surrounding country. An altar-mound of green turf.—Adam and Eve standing beside it, a lamb lying at their feet.

EVE.

Adam, the hour is nigh !
And this green mound,
Smooth in its surface as the o'erhanging sky,
And starred around
With flowers of all bright hues,
(Bright though not born in Paradise)
Seems meet for any sacrifice
Our God, and earth's, may choose !

ADAM.

Oh ! woman, proud to know, yet little knowing ;
Blind to the ills from thy first error flowing;
 Doting on whatsoe'er
 Is in its aspect fair,
And even now, amidst thy spirit's grieving,
 Visions of beauty weaving ;
 Dismiss that care ;
With me, thy wretched lord of dust, prepare
 Again to view that FORM,
(Not mild as when He woke me with his breath,
 Again to hear that VOICE,
 (Oh ! not to rejoice,)
A Voice as of the winds and waves in storm,
 Speaking alone of Death !
 The doom He comes to show,—
 The apprehended woe,—
We faint because we know not, and yet fear to know.

EVE.

Adam, look not so pale ;

I know that He is strong, and we, I feel are weak,
Reeds that the elements of earth may break,
And he hath heavenly ones—but not to wreak
His vengeance on the fallen and the frail.

Adam, look not so pale !

This quiet, sunny dell,
Wherein, save we ourselves, but pure things dwell,
Gay glittering insects,— flowers with beauty bowed,
And trees that shelter them a stately crowd,
And yonder brook flowing so bright and fleet,
And this our offering Lamb that nestles at our feet,

May all thy fears dispel :—

Not for a work of wrath—not for despair,
He bade us wait him in a spot so fair.

ADAM.

Thy language hath no echo. From the earth,
And from the clouds, yea, from mine own wrung
soul,
And the bright watchers that around us roll,
There breaks no answering gleam, there comes not
forth
One oracle of trust
To the poor child of dust !
I ask them of my doom yet unrevealed ;
I bid them tell me what is death ? and whence ?
But the sweet stars are mute, the clouds are sealed,
Silent and happy in their innocence.
Eve, hear'st thou aught ?

EVE.

I hear the leaves stirred by the passing breeze,
As to a sound of showers ;

I hear the brook make answer to the trees,
And the bee greet the flowers.
Murmurs of happy breath,
That whisper nought of death !

ADAM.

Nor aught discern'st thou ?

EVE.

I see the firmament high, and stretched abroad
As if in likeness of the power of God !
I see the mountains rearing each tall brow,
Blue and far distant—at their feet a sea !
Midway, wide forests wrapt in gorgeous gloom,
Nearer, green plains smiling in sunny bloom,
And here, this dell and thee.

ADAM.

Oh will not HE be seen !

EVE.

(wildly)—I see—*She prostrates herself on the earth,
Adam does the same.*

PART II.

*The same dell ; the lamb lying on the altar-mound,
dead and bleeding. Eve weeping over it.*

ADAM.

AND *this* is death ! And now I look upon
What I must one day feel ! The Lamb hath paid
Its innocent life for mine ; but some day's sun
Will see me like it, in cold stillness laid.
I know that I am strong—that guilt and fear
Have not worn out my majesty of soul ;—
King am I to the world's extremest sphere ;
Sire shall I be of sons beyond control,

Save of the Mightiest ! Wood and plain are mine,
And the plumed birds that cleave the golden air ;—
But I must *die*—I—filled with breath divine—
Like the poor beast that poured its life-blood there !
Myriads will tread the earth I tread alone,
Fruitful, and fair, and glorious, and free,
They too will die—they too by sin o'erthrown,
Will breathe the curse of dying men on me !

EVE.

But will all life *thus* close ?
Must blood flow from each breast,
Mingled with groans, and sobs, and bitter throes,
Before it lies at rest ?
Shall I o'er thee
As o'er this Lamb, weep for thy form defaced ?
Wilt thou o'er me ?
The flowers that Eden graced
Changed in their aspect and similitude ;

Ev'n there the rose grew pale,
Its fair leaves fell, or floated on the gale,
And the far-scented violet drooped subdued !
The lily's silver bell
Became a silent cell,
Wherein no wild bee would its music pour ;
And many another flower,
At night, or 'neath a shower,
Shut its bright eye, and opened it no more !
Oh was not this too death ?
A yielding up of life and breath
That nothing could restore ?
As their's dropped from its stem
May not *our* being close ?
May we not die like them,
In beauty?—in repose ?

ADAM.

'Twould be death still ; the ending of all life,
Mournful or glad ;

Less painful unaccompanied by strife,
But not less sad ;—
Death, though disguised as sleep, yet bears from sight
All thought, all love, and love's sweet image light ;
It is a bright path to a darksome land ;
A violent deed done by a gentle hand ;—
'Tis death ! a night
Without a promised morrow !
Unblest—unbright—
Lacking ev'n hope, the single star of sorrow !

EVE.

Adam, the sun hath set,
And half our task is unaccomplished yet.

*Adam kindles a fire on the altar-mound, on which the
lamb is gradually consumed.*

ADAM.

'Tis ended ! and afar, beyond our gaze,
Floats off the smoke of our FIRST SACRIFICE,
The first of thousands that in after days
Will bleed and burn,
Telling the tale of our lost Paradise !
Bidding earth learn
By a perpetual rite, and penal sign,
The curse of sin, the power of wrath Divine ;—
And multitudes discern,
A MEANING and a MYSTERY therein,
Yet deeper—and from that, strong comfort win !

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

I.

A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

 And yet a Woman, still and bright,
 With something of an angel-light.

Wordsworth.

I know thee but a form of earth,
 I know thy wond'rous mind,
 Linked ever by its tears and mirth
 To all of earthly kind ;
 A flower's thy strength, a child's thy glee,
 And all thy moods of heart,

Though restless as a billowy sea,
In beauty come and part :—
Thou art of earth in mind and will,
Yet a soul's spell, a vision still.

Thou art for dreams of summer sleep
Beneath some blossomed thorn ;
For love, when happy memories sweep,
Like sun-touched mists of morn ;—
Thou art a thing that to behold
Is in the heart to shrine ;—
A bud, that scarce its silken fold
May from the breeze confine ;
All joyous is thy mind and mien,
Thou fadeless Rose ! Thou fairy-queen !

For thee, in knightly days of old
Would many a lance have rung,
And minstrels at the revel bold
Thy beauty's triumphs sung ;

But nobler far thy present meed,
Famed with a mother's fame,
And made to household hearts a need,
Than all romance may name ;
I called thee Rose, I called thee well,
But woman's is thine own sweet spell !

II.

There is beauty on thy brow,
Such beauty as the bow,
Child of shower and sunbeam, wears,
Waked and vanishing in tears!

Croly.

BEING of beauty and of grief!

Thy portraiture should be
Written in burning words and brief—
Tears—tears for thee!

A rose that by a lonely tomb,
Hangs whitening in the sun,
The phantom of its former bloom
Yet lingering on ;—

A rill once by a mountain side,
Companion blythe and boon,
Till scorching suns its sweet depths dried,
And quenched its tune ;—

A violet that no sheltering leaf
Hides from the strong rain's swell,—
Being of beauty and of grief,
These, thy fate tell !

Desolate in each place of trust,
Thy bright soul dimmed with care,
To the land where is found no trace of dust,
Oh ! look thou *there* !

III.

Gentle, yet restless.

Joanna Bailis.

Like the Aurora Borealis race,
That flit ere you can mark their place.

Burns.

THINE is no form of youthful grace,
No beauty is thy dower,
Yet hidden in that thoughtful face
Are spells of mind and power ;
For passion at thy birth was chief,
And gave thee gifts of love and grief.

Thou hast no beauty—yet for thee
 There throb high hearts and warm ;
And oft their looks, like sunbeams free,
 Smile down thy spirit's storm ;
Yes, thou art loved, yet day by day,
Thy path is in a lonely way.

The dark, the bright in thee combine ;
 Thy soul like ocean drear,
With many a treasure half divine
 Hath many a form of fear ;—
Thou art like morn and midnight blent
For battle in one firmament !

The brow of youth, the heart of age,
 Cold stillness, fitful strife,
Like records on the self-same page
 Written of death and life ;—
These hast thou, and the wreath that grows
For thee—is nightshade twined with rose.

One softening touch, one brighter strain,
And then worn heart farewell !
Dews are there that have balmed thy pain,
Though dry life's desert-well ;
And hope, the hope of heaven hath smiled,
Thy palm-tree midst the burning wild !

IV.

For oh ! *she* stood beside me like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.

Coleridge's Wallenstein.

THOU hast wizard power,
Thou art more than earth;
Wherefore else this dower,
In my heart this birth
Of visions new and strange, of glory and of mirth ?

A magic scroll unbound,
Seems this world to me ;
Beauty strews the ground,
Beauty gilds the sea,
And I have caught the light all from thine eyes and thee.

Now, if I view a rose,
Drooped with dew and light,
'Tis like thee, it grows—
Vision of delight,
Or why hast thou such charms, or I such powers of
sight?

In some fair dell, hidden
By night, and cool, and green ;
Where sweet things unbidden
Scatter song and sheen,
All unto eye and ear, speak of thee my queen.

And a cloud ethereal,
A rich mount of snow,
Floating on imperial,
Is like thee I know ;
For it can melt away, or with meek blushes glow.

Oh why didst thou waken
 This new power in me !
As by a tide o'ertaken,
 Is my spirit free,
And round it press the waves of feeling, like a sea.

But the germ of sorrow
 Is all beauty here !
Love with death to-morrow,
 May exchange its sphere ;
So close again my heart till earth holds nought to
 fear.

V.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Wordsworth.

FLOWERS of the fairest,
And gems of the rarest,
I find and I gather in country or town ;
But one is still wanting,
Oh ! where is it haunting ?
The bud and the jewel must make up my crown.

The rose with its bright heads,
The diamond that light sheds
Rich as the sunbeam and pure as the snow ;
One gives me its fragrance,
The other its radiance,
But the pearl and the lily where dwell they below ?

'Tis years since I knew thee,
But yet should I view thee
With the eye and the heart of my earliest youth ;—
And feel thy meek beauty
Add impulse to duty,
The love of the fancy to old ties of truth.

Thou pearl of the deep sea
That flows in my heart free,
Thou rock-planted lily, come hither, or send ;
'Mid flowers of the fairest,
And gems of the rarest,
I miss thee, I seek thee, my own parted friend !

THE GLORY OF THE HEIGHTS.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights and live laborious days.

Milton.

I.

O **MOCKERY** to dream of genius wed
To quiet happiness ! The vale may wear
The sunlight, like a garment, rich and fair ;*
But the bold mountains towering overhead,
Must robe in mist and cloud,
Be girt with stormy shroud,
And when awhile in partial verdure drest,
Must hide unmelted snows for ever in their breast.

* The city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning.

Wordsworth.

II.

Yet have they beauty gorgeous and divine,
And precious, even for its fitful stay ;
Morn's blushing welcome, sunset's golden ray,
Can make their summits seem a glittering mine :—
Where, as with jewels strewn,
Cavern and crag unhewn,
Glow with the varied and effulgent hues,
That sapphires, amethysts, and pearls suffuse.

III.

Yet have the mountains glory ;—not repose
The bright monotony of cloudless days,
Living and dying in a sunny haze,—
Their glory is the storm ;—the storm that throws
Its kindling power around,
Till passive things rebound,
And weaker elements arise, and share
The lofty strife, that else they might not dare.

IV.

Yet have the mountains glory ;—they remain

The earth's eternal tenants ; while the vale

Changing and changing like tradition's tale,

May scarcely one old lineament retain,—

They from their solitude

Oft see the world renewed,

The history of each age—power—pomp—decay—

And then oblivion :—not so their sway.

V.

O mockery to dream of genius wed

To quiet happiness !—Promethean Power

Survey, and be content thy state and dower ;—

A name when kings are nameless ; life, when dead

Are countless generations ;

A record among nations

That never knew thy being or thy birth ;—

An immortality bestowed on earth !

VI.

Yet, art thou sad Magician? canst thou give
The thrilling joy thou hast no power to feel?
Yet, o'er thy spirit do the shadows steal,
Till the charmed life 'tis weariness to live?
Look from thy cloudy throne;
Heed not thy chilling zone;
To Heaven aspire;—not *there*, thy soul shall fail
To blend with mountain-power the quiet of the vale!

PASSING AWAY.

The things we enjoy are passing, and we are passing who enjoy them.

Abp. Leighton.

I ASKED the stars in the pomp of night,
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty and girt with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower ;
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
Bearing this message to mortal ears :—

“ We have no light that hath not been given,
We have no strength but shall soon be riven,
We have no power wherein man may trust,
Like him are we, things of time and dust ;
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
And the song of our silence, is—Passing away.

“ We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,
Like lamps that have served for a festal night ;
We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,
Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze along ;
The worshipped as gods in the olden day,
We shall be like a vain dream—Passing away.”

From the stars of heaven, and the flowers of earth,
From the pageant of power, and the voice of mirth,
From the mists of morn on the mountain's brow,
From childhood's song, and affection's vow,
From all, save that o'er which soul bears sway,
Breathes but one record—Passing away.

Passing away, sing the breeze and rill,
As they sweep on their course by vale and hill;—
Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,
’Tis the lesson of nature—the voice of time—
And man at last like his fathers grey,
Writes in his own dust—Passing away.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, WEEPING.

Is there no name on earth
Apt to contain the ocean of man's will ?
Love, honour, friendship, are they nothing worth ?
Nought.

Anonymous.

I LOOK on thee—a king, a chief,
A sun, to whom on earth was given
One golden race of glory, brief,
A day—and then the blank of even ;—
A sun to rise and set, but bring
No morrow on its burning wing.

I see thee march from land to land,
And leave a light on earth and main,
With trophies glittering on the strand,
And temples rising on the plain,—
The shadow of thy youthful prime
Measures the pyramid of time.

I track, victorious chief, thy way,
Till throned on glory's highest steep,
With bright realms subject to thy sway,
I see thee, son of Ammon, weep!
Oh! lesson for the warrior's ears,
And is the fruit of conquest—tears?

The Persian o'er his bannered line,
Ere yet to death and ruin hurled,
Shed purer, nobler tears than thine,
Thou weeper for a second world!
A world, that won in more than word,
Had left thee weeping for a third.

And yet if HE, who knew the worth
Of more than myriad worlds, the soul,
Had bade thee spurn the whole of earth,
And pointed to a heavenly goal,
Thou hadst but mocked the message high,
Perchance have bade the dreamer die !

Yet was HE king of realms that spread
Where never human ensign flew ;
And yet HE wept, such tears as shed
Where'er they fell reviving dew ;—
Oh ! when shall earth again behold
Such tears, such king in living mould !

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

Bright must they be, for there are none that die,
And none that weep, and none that say farewell.


Mrs. Hemans.

LEAVES may be counted on the linden tree,
Flowers in the field, and evening's starry host,
And warlike forces that on land or sea,
Have formed a Cæsar's, or a Xerxes' boast ;
But when were human dreams and thoughts of
heaven,
Counted by man ? to human numbers given ?

From Adam, when the world to being sprung,
To the young child who sees that world grown old,
Heart never beat, mind thought, nor poet sung,
Through earth's wide regions, barren, fair, or cold,
Without a vision of untrodden spheres,
Some blissful refuge from a life of tears.

Oh! blame not then Elysium's phantom field,
Though there the hunter drew again his bow ;—
Valhalla's hall hung round with spear and shield,
And echoing war-songs o'er a vanquished foe ;—
Blame not the dreams of savage or of slave,—
They told at least of life beyond the grave.

And they, the masters of the human mind,
Gods in dark ages, lords in our's of light,
Who turned from falsehood, if to truth still blind,
And the wrong hated, if they knew not right ;
Scorned oracle, and shrine, and priestly tale,
And if they found not Godhead, found his veil .—



The sage,—the poet,—Christian weep for them !

For them whom dreams Elysian could not cheer ;
Doomed the cold weltering waves of death to stem,
And seek the shore beyond with doubt and fear ;
Thou, to whom God hath shown the truth, the way,
Blame not the mighty fallen—bend and pray.

Thou, for whom Christ hath sojourned here, and died,

Making the sepulchre a place of bloom,—

Thou, to whose eye the veil is rent aside

That hid the glorious scenes beyond the tomb,—
How fair the visions that on thee may rise,
Favoured on earth whilst fitted for the skies !

Art thou a mourner ?—There's a dream of heaven

Can steal with downy pinion to thy breast,
Ev'n as the fabled bird when storms had striven,
Calmed the wild ocean ;—that sweet dream is, rest ;
Rest from life's weary toil, grief's useless tears,
And all the vain, sad strife of hopes and fears.

Rest from the curse of memory's sleepless eye,
That the world's opiates have failed to close ;
From hauntings of the heart, when those that die
Revive, return, are with us in repose,—
Yet prove delusive when they nearest seem,
Mocking our grasp, like shadows on the stream.

The heaven for thee is home without a void,
A golden chain with each lost link restored ;
Where love is freed from all that here alloyed,
And meets one family, around one board ;—
A home of peace, where none dispute, or strive,
And happy memories alone survive.

A mourner art thou ?—More perchance for sin,
Than aught beside that wounds thee in thy course,
Deep dwells the grieving thorn, thy heart within,
Nursed by remembrance, planted by remorse ?
Weep on :—thy vision is not dimmed by tears,
Brightest through showers the bow of peace appears.

God is thy heaven :—to see him and to love,
Without a cloud, without a wandering thought,
See from thy bosom sin's last stain remove,
And perfect peace, in perfect goodness wrought :
For vain without were heaven itself to thee,
Its angel-melodies and chrystal sea !

How vain the beauty of its victor-palm,
If earthly weeds could round one branch entwine ;
How vain its bright repose, its blissful calm,
If still the tumult of the heart were thine !
How vain its joys, if not from guilt secure—
Oh ! hush thy fears. as them shalt thou be pure !

Temple of God ! Home of the ransomed soul !
Eden, whence man will never more be driven !
World, that no seasons gladden or control,
Or suns illuminate—resplendent Heaven !
The dreams of man but make thy lustre dim,
Though unimagined loveliness to him !

Majestic dwelling place of truth and love,
And were thy inmates, radiant now and just,
Bright spirits singing in thy courts above,
Once like ourselves—frail children of the dust ?
Bore they like us vile bodies from their birth ?
And was there o'er *them* uttered “earth to earth ?”

Then joy for Hope, for Faith ! let both arise,
Shake from the dust their garments and press on ;
Myriads untold have entered in those skies,
Yet is there room, yet close the gates on none ;
And new the joys to Abel, as the child
On whom but yesterday their glories smiled.

There sit the martyrs in immortal bloom,
Remembering with praise their bodies riven ;
And infants snatched away from breast and womb,
Whose only memory of life, is heaven—
And the twelve mighty ones, the heavenly brave,
Who bore the cross o'er mountain, wild, and wave.

The patriarchs, dwellers once 'neath tent and tree,
Blame not the will that made them pilgrims here ;
The land that Canaan shadowed forth they see,
And call its wealth their own without a fear :—
The fathers ere the flood, there too are they,
Whose thousand years now seem a single day.

There the rapt prophet views with blissful eye
The unsealed vision of the truths he taught ;
And holy kings, and warrior-saints descry,
The mighty arm that oft salvation brought.
And he who once in vain besought the grace,
Beholds at last God's glory and his face.

Simeon is blest of Him whom as a child
He clasped with blessings to his aged breast ;
And with him bows the leper late defiled,
And Lazarus risen twice from mortal rest.
And she, the lowly Virgin, whose reward
Is now to hail her Son as Christ and Lord.

There too a seraph in her blest abode,
The penitent is near her Saviour's feet,
But gone the tears that here fast o'er them flowed,
And needless now her box of odours sweet ;
Her sighs are changed to songs that never cease,
And on her once worn brow is written—Peace.

Oh ! that at length within that glorious heaven
I might obtain a quiet resting-place !
Hear from my Judge that one sweet word, “ For-
given ! ”

The pledge of glory and the proof of grace—
And oh ! that 'mid its myriads might my heart
Meet its own loved ones—meet no more to part.

ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

Thus, without life, how sweet in life to lie !
Thus, without dying, oh ! how blest to die !

I HAVE heard music meet for festive hall,
I hear it still ;
And voices gentle as the dews that fall,
Sweet flowers to fill :—
But voice and music to my soul were vain,
It was a bud sealed from the summer rain.

I saw the bright eyes of a loving boy
Sparkle and dance ;
And one bend on him with soft yearning joy,
A mother's glance ;—
And mind communed with mind, and deeds were told
Of earth's immortals—yet my heart was cold !

Cold and unquiet that deep fount of thought,
For o'er it swept
Shadows of other years with darkness fraught ;
And memory wept,
As from the cypress, or old solemn yew,
Fall midnight droppings of funereal dew.

Spring for gay blossoms ; youth for joyous cheer ;
Graves for the dead !
And for worn hearts to whom the life once dear
Is odour shed,
Music that hath no echo, a dim deep
Of perished things—for them the gift of sleep ;

Calming the wild mood and the weary brow,
Yet leaving breath ;—
Gentle, and kind, and beautiful art thou,
Type of my death !
Oh ! shroud this being in thy blest repose ;
Hide, like a friend, till morn, its errors and its woes !

THE ASPEN LEAF.

I *would* some instruction draw,
 And raise pleasure to the height,
 Through the meanest object's sight.
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rustelling.

G. Wither.

I WOULD not be
 A leaf on yonder aspen tree ;
 In every fickle breeze to play,
 Wildly, weakly, idly gay,—
 So feebly framed, so lightly hung,
 By the wing of an insect stirred and swung ;
 Thrilling ev'n to a red-breast's note,
 Drooping if only a light mist float,
 Brightened and dimmed like a varying glass
 As shadow or sunbeam chance to pass ;—

I would not be
A leaf on yonder aspen tree.
It is not because the autumn sere
Would change my merry guise and cheer,—
That soon, full soon, nor leaf nor stem,
Sunlight would gladden, or dew-drop gem,—
That I, with my fellows, must fall to earth,
Forgotten our beauty and breezy mirth,
Or else on the bough where all had grown,
Must linger on, and linger alone ;—
Might life be an endless summer's day,
And I be for ever green and gay,
I would not be, I would not be,
A leaf on yonder aspen tree !

Proudly spoken heart of mine,
Yet weakness and change perchance are thine,
More, and darker, and sadder to see,
Than befall the leaves of yonder tree !

What if they flutter—their life is a dance ;
Or toy with the sunbeam—they live in his glance ;
To bird, breeze, and insect, rustle and thrill,
Never the same, never mute, never still,—
Emblems of all that is fickle and gay,
But leaves in their birth, but leaves in decay—
Chide them not—heed them not—spirit away !
In to thyself, to thine own hidden shrine,
What there dost thou worship ? what deeme'st thou di-
vine ?
Thy hopes,—are they stedfast, and holy, and high ?
Are they built on a rock ?—are they raised to the
sky ?—
Thy deep secret yearnings,—oh ! whither point they,
To the triumphs of earth, to the toys of a day ?—
Thy friendships, and feelings,—doth impulse prevail,
To make them, and mar them, as wind swells the sail ?
Thy life's ruling passion—thy being's first aim—
What are they ? and yield they contentment or
shame ?

Spirit, proud spirit, ponder thy state,
If thine the leaf's lightness, not thine the leaf's fate,
It may flutter, and glisten, and wither, and die,
And heed not our pity, and ask not our sigh ;
But for thee, the immortal, no winter may throw
Eternal repose on thy joy, or thy woe ;
THOU must live, and live ever, in glory or gloom,
Beyond the world's precincts, beyond the dark tomb :
Look to thyself then, ere past is Hope's reign,
And looking and longing alike are in vain ;
Lest thou deem it a bliss to have been, or to be,
But a fluttering leaf on yon aspen tree !

KING HEROD'S OATH.

Once on a charger there was laid,
And brought before a royal maid,
As price of attitude and grace,
A guiltless head, a holy face.

Lamb's Poems.

'Tis a thousand years and more,
Since the birth-night feast was spread,
For the pride of the Galilean shore,
King Herod at their head.

Gorgeous the lighted hall,
Royal the banquet cheer ;
Who that beheld such festival,
Foreboded guilt or fear ?

Rich radiance widely streamed
From golden lamps hung high,
The gazer saw—and dreamed
Of midnight's starry sky.

Gold, gold, and gems below,
On board, and brow, and vest;
And slaves that knelt to know
Each glittering lord's behest : —

Frank pledge, and princely glance,
Music and minstrel strain,
And a bright maid's witching dance,
Who, who, might dream of pain ?

'Tis a thousand years and more,
Since a fettered prophet stood,
And beheld his prison door
Admit a man of blood.

Yet fearlessly breathed he
His life's fast-ebbing breath,
Stately, and stern, and free,
For what to him was death ?

To him the promised child,
Star of Immanuel's morn ?
Him of the desert wild,
Greatest of woman born ?

King Herod's hall was bright,
The prophet's dungeon dim,—
One stroke—and the rayless night
Grew endless day to him !

They bore his ghastly head,
'Mid the revel's maddening din,
But the soul far thence had fled,
And heaven had entered in.

The sword had given a crown,
Glory, unknown on earth ;
And the seer—a king, looked down
That night on Herod's mirth !

A thousand years and more,
Hath Herod rued that night—
Not —on the Galilean shore ;
Not—in his palace bright.

LOVE'S LIKENESS.

A rose hedged with a briar.

Drummond.

Alas ! what else is love but sorrow.

Byron.

THERE is softness in the dew ;—
 And in starlight trembling through
 Fleecy cloud, or gentle mist,
 That the air may scarcely wist ;—
 There is beauty in the play
 Of the moon on flower and spray,
 Yet glistening from a shower
 That fell in twilight's hour.

There is music that can still,
In the rippling of the rill ;
There is music yet more dear
To weary heart and languid ear,
In the bright and deep repose,
Nature after tempest knows ;
In her silence then renewed,
Which is only sound subdued.

But there's somewhat softer far
Than morning dew, or evening star ;
More musical than all
That man doth music call ;
Surpassing Nature's skill,
Or to waken, or to thrill !
And dost thou ask the spell ?
Hast thou loved and canst not tell ?
Did no fond eye ever shine
Sweet meanings into thine ?

No lip the heart betray
By its silent quivering play,
That told what words might never,
Though telling on for ever ?
Did a single tone or word,
Just whispered and just heard,
Like an echo faint and clear,
Ne'er sink into thine ear,
And there, as in a cell,
Ever, ever, ever dwell,—
Though but in memory shrined,
Sweet music to the mind ?

Hast thou loved nor seen a gaze
Fairer than moon-lit maze,
When the depths of soul unsealed,
Are first to light revealed,
And that is seen and shown,
Before, nor guessed, nor known ;—

A world of precious things—
A fount of thousand springs—
All treasured up for thee,
Or flowing forth as free ?
If this thou e'er hast seen,
If this thou e'er hast been,
Bid other joys farewell ;
Love only is life's spell ;—
Of beauty, bliss, and power,
An unimagined dower ;
Whilst all in nature rare,
Is but its emblem fair.
Stay, vaunting babbler, stay ;—
That strain so wild and gay
Will pass like thee its prime,
List a sadder, truer rhyme.
If Love is soft as dew,
It is oft as fleeting too ;
If like the rippling rill
Sweet music it distil,

It can like the rill exhale,
Be frozen and can fail ;
Like the moon the *same* beams shower
On many a varying flower,
Smile till they all are gone,
And even then—smile on !
Alas ! alas ! the snares
The frail heart makes and shares !
If thou hast lived and loved,
Full surely hast thou proved,
The grief of vain regretting ;
The world's sin of forgetting :
Doth every voice once dear,
Yet echo in thine ear ?
Dost thou heed each tender gaze,
As in former far-off days ?
Yet, doth the well-proved old
Outvalue newer gold ?
Have none to thee e'er changed ?
Art thou from none estranged ?

Cease, cease, that joyous strain,
So passionate and vain ;
With the gain account the loss,
With the treasure tell the dross.

HEAVEN is of Love the home ;
Here, here, it doth but roam
A pilgrim and a stranger,
Beset with toil and danger.
Love on, love on, but know
That love itself is woe,
Uncurbed by self-control,
And earth its final goal.
Love on, love on, but fear,
For its purest, best joys here,
Are timid violets blowing
'Mid thorns all round them growing.
Love on, love on, but higher,
To heaven let love aspire ;
Where should the phoenix rest
But in its own bright nest ?

TO AN ABSENT ONE.

Oh! 'tis the curse of absence, that our love
Becomes too sad, too tender, too profound,
For all our far off friends.

Wilson.

SUMMER is with us in its pomp and power,
Placing the green crown on the forest trees,
And woodland music, like a gushing shower
Mingled with flower-scents, floats upon the breeze ;
Summer is with us brightening every brow,
And thrilling every heart, but where art thou ?

Thou being formed of love, and song, and smiles,
 Linked by thy genius to the stars of heaven,
Yet linked again by woman's gentle wiles,
 To lowlier blessings that to earth are given ;
The tremulous blossom, the sweet-laden bee,
And the lone streamlet—they too emblem thee.

Thou shouldst be with us when the sun descending
 Walks to his rest along a path of gold,
When o'er the hills triumphantly are blending
 Colours that mock the Tyrian dyes of old ;
Thou shouldst be with us when the dews of morn
String their bright pearls upon the slender corn :—

With us at noontide in some grassy lair,
 Hid in its green depths, like a folded flower,
The rustic meal with merry heart to share,
 Far from the grave restraints of courtlier bower ;
With us to wake the smile and prompt the song,
Wing the sad hour, the pleasant one prolong.

Come to us bright one—sunbeam of the heart !

There rests a shadow on our souls till then ;

But come, and fresh flowers in our path will start,

And joyous greetings ring through grove and glen :

Come back and listen to affection's vow,

And the glad household-welcome—" Here art thou !"

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

A light, a darkness, mingling, each with each.

Rogers.

SUN, ever guiding
 What never knows rest,
 Vast giant striding
 From east unto west;—
 Eye piercing and shining,
 God's emblem set forth,
 Through darkness divining,
 What seest thou on Earth?

“ Human lips breathing
 The words of despair ;
Human hands wreathing
 The fetters of care ;—
Human brows burning
 With hopes little worth ;
Human hearts mourning,—
 This mark I on earth.

“ Youth gaily dancing
 With life in its bloom,
Armed hosts advancing
 With banner and plume ;—
Grey sages debating
 On wisdom and worth,
And Death on all waiting,—
 This mark I on earth.

“ The sea its waves pouring
Where fields lay in light ;
Wild beasts and their roaring,
Where cities rose bright ;
Where'er my glance ranges,
Hot tears and mad mirth,
Mischances and changes,—
This mark I on earth.”

More bright and immortal
Than sun, or than star,
SOUL, look from thy portal,
What seest thou afar ?
Beyond the world's weeping,
To thy view is given,
With eagle-range sweeping,—
What seest thou in heaven ?

“ Blest angels bringing
The saved from below ;
Mortals far flinging
Their garments of woe ;
One burst of wide wonder
From myriads forgiven,
The music of thunder,—
This mark I in heaven.

“ Joys the world slighted,
All found to be true ;
Flowers death had blighted,
All blooming anew :
Earthly ties strengthened
No more to be riven ;
Love with life lengthened,—
This mark I in heaven.

“ Human lips speaking
 No word but God’s praise ;
Human hands seeking
 His trophies to raise ;
Human brows peaceful
 Where passion had striven ;
Human hearts blissful,—
 This mark I in heaven.”

FADED FLOWERS.

Ah! well beseems,
 Us, the strong insects of an April morn,
 Steady and constant as the thistle's down
 When winds are on it . . .
 . . . to cast away
 Sweet flowers because they are not amaranth.

Samor.

Faded flowers,
 Sweet faded flowers,
 Beauty and death
 Have ruled your hours,
 Ye woke in bloom but a morn ago,
 And now are your blossoms in dust laid low.

But yesterday
 With the breeze ye strove,
 In the play of life,
 In the pride of love ;
 To and fro swung each radiant head,
 That now is drooping, and pale and dead !

Delicate flower
 With the pearl-white bells,
 No more shall dew-drop
 Sleep in thy cells !
 No more rich rose on thy heaving breast,
 The honey-bee fold his wings and rest !

Fair myrtle tree,
 Thy blossoms lie low,
 But green above them,
 Thy branches grow ;
 Like a buried love, or a vanished joy,
 Linked unto memories none destroy.

Faded flowers,
Sweet faded flowers—
Fair frail records
Of Eden's bowers,
In a world where sorrow and wrong bear sway,
Why should ye linger? Away! away!

What were the emblem
Pride to stain,
Might ye your glorious
Crowns retain?
And what for the young heart bowed with grief,
Were the rose ne'er seen with a withered leaf?

Ye bloom to tell us
What once hath been;
What yet shall in heaven,
Again be seen;
Ye die, that man in his strength may learn,
How vain the hopes in his heart that burn.

Many in form,
 And bright in hue,
 I know your fate
 But the earth to strew,
 And my soul flies on to immortal bowers,
 Where the heart and the rose are not faded flowers.

CHRIST CROWNED.

O blessed well of love! O flower of grace!
 O glorious morning star! O lamp of light!
 Most lively image of thy Father's face,
 Eternal King of glory! Lord of might!
 Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds' behest,
 How can we thee requite for all this good?
 Or what can prize, that, thy most precious blood?

Spenser.

'MID gleaming arms and purple power,
 (Rome's lords of that mysterious hour,)
 Amid Judea's priestly band,
 The sinful leaders of the land,—
 Amid the wild and rabble herd,
 Mad echoes of their will and word,
 Stands One in mockery's garb arrayed,
 That One for whom the world was made!

The marble floor is stained with blood,
His the bruised body whence it flowed ;
For there, as with prophetic plough,
The scourges make "long furrows" now !
For Him they weave the twisted thorn,
Engine of pain and type of scorn ;
They crown Him—and full soon is wet
With crimson dew that coronet ;
As though the briar its fate abhorred,
And blushed to wound its gentle Lord.*

'Tis finished !—and 'mid seraph quires,
Legions of spirits, flaming fires,
More glorious than the starry throng,
With each a crown and each a song,—
'Mid triumph, worship, power, and praise,
An ever bright and gathering blaze,

* This element saw God, and blushed with awe.

He stands—on whom the world so late
Poured forth the vials of its hate !
That One, whom thorn, and rod, and spear,
And mocking man, so tortured here !—
That One, before whose feet to bow
Is glory and dominion now !—
That One ! that One ! whose unveiled face,
Is Heaven's eternal dwelling place.

Awhile—and nations gathered round
Shall see Him once again re-crowned ;
Not as by men—a man of grief,
Not as by angels—victor chief,
But conquered earth and hell shall spring
To greet him universal King !
His the sole seat of judgment then
For rebel fiends and rebel men ;
And there shall Herod's band appear,
Vain guarding shield, vain threatening spear.

There, priestly heads that mocked his pain,
Shall lowly bow, yet bow in vain ;
And those that smote him in the hall,
And those that mixed his cup of gall,
Drink of wrath's chalice, dregs and all ;—
Pilate, with vainly washen hand,
Before his prisoner culprit stand,
And find his truest friend had been,
Not Cæsar, but the Nazarene :—
While tongues seraphic ratify
Their doom who once said "crucify,"
And pardoned saints take up the song,
As rushing waters swift and strong,
One anthem through all space resound,
To Him, the crucified, the crowned !

YOUTH IN AGE.

Why should a tear be in an old man's eye ?

Wordsworth.

I pass

Pleasantly on : the road leads to the skies,
And mine's a summer's journey.

Barry Cornwall.

My hair is grey, and grey with years
That bore their weight of hopes and fears ;
My sight grows dim, and blank the page
To them alike of bard or sage,
Friends greet me, but I scarce can see
The eyes that once were stars to me,
Ev'n the sweet tones of voices dear
Fall coldly on my languid ear :—

Viands are tasteless, odours rare
Pass by me like the common air ;
And strains that once my soul could bow,
Are music but to memory now.
Yes, Time, with unreproved claim,
Asserts his title to my frame ;
And yet with failing pulse and limb,
I look on and I laugh at him ;
He cannot touch my kingly part,
Nor dry youth's fountain in my heart.

Call not my life a leaden sleep,
O'er which no dream hath power to sweep ;
My spirits may have ceased their dance,
And Thought a laggard grown, perchance ;
Wit may provoke no repartee,
And Reasoning, learned toil may be,
Imagination fold her wings,
Or dip them but in memory's springs,—

Yet hath my heart a golden haze
Reflected from departed days ;
Remembrances in glowing crowds
Hang round it, like rich sunset clouds.
If my life's fever-hour is past,
Does love with tumult only last ?
Ah no ! Affection's sweetest balm
Is peaceful truth—is chastened calm.
If I esteem it vain and wild
To be by youthful hopes beguiled,
Celestial ones I yet can find,
Undying as the immortal mind ;
And joy's rich fruitage gather thence,
When not a blossom grows for sense.

AGE IN YOUTH.

What deaths we suffer ere we die !

Logan.

'Tis not that I was happy as the bird upon the bough,

'Tis not that I was healthy as the peasant at his
plough,

And that neither one nor other for a moment am I
now,

Not for this, not for this, the sadness on my brow.

There is medicine for the body, and if grief the mind
assail,

The peace of God, the joy of Heaven, can over all
prevail ;

But there are deeper, darker things, and many a
sadder tale,

To mock the leech's remedy, make pious counsel fail.

If memory be sleeping, if feeling's power be fled,
And heart and fancy once so warm, and ever-busy
head,

Be cold, and dark, and quiet,—a city of the dead,
Can aught rebuild the ruins? recall the spirit sped?

Ye may string again the lute, if it only be unstrung;
And learn forgotten melodies, if thine a minstrel's
tongue;

And rear the fallen flower, if the stem remain un-
wrung;

But never feeling's power revive in hearts no longer
young.

HAMLET ON HIS BIER.

FROM RETSCH'S OUTLINES.

Beauty, wealth,
Might, valour, wisdom, mingled and absorbed
In one cold similarity of dust!

Milman.

THERE lies he, as in sleep reclined,
A prince, and more than prince in mind !
The fever-strife of soul is o'er,
Him, warring passions vex no more,
And once deserted and opprest,
Filled with dark thoughts and wild,
There lies he gentle and at rest,
More gentle than a child !

Where now the madness, feigned or true?
The love that wept, the rage that slew?
And where the mind that union strange
Of strength and weakness, calm and change?
In vain the cunning eye would trace,
Their records in that pallid face.

There lies he amid groups of woe,
And trappings blent of gloom and show,
Shining upon his stately bier,
The star of that funereal sphere!
He is with the dead—and not alone
 His wrongs and passions o'er,
The things by reason darkly shown
 He knows, to doubt no more!
There dwell no secrets with the dead:
Say rather, with the living, fled
; From this delusive world of seeming,
And all its life of doubt and dreaming,—

This vision strange of hopes and fears,
Desires, and vanities, and tears.

But lived he ever? Muse I not
On an unreal life and lot?
This portraiture of form and face,
Its minded beauty, princely grace,
What is it but a painted thought—

A more apparent gleam
Of fancy, by the poet wrought,
And both alike a dream?

But such a dream of him who sleeps
Where Avon's winding current sweeps,
As long for him depicted here
Shall wake a feeling, and a tear,
When tombs where *real* heroes lie,
Are all unmarked by heart and eye.

THE EXILE'S HEART.

The breeze blew fresh—'twas free;—he was not so.

Mary Howitt.

BRIGHT roses round thy cottage twine,
And bending from the trees,
Gay dance the tendrils of the vine,
Like garlands in the breeze ;—
A cloudless sky is o'er thy head,
And at thy feet a scene,
Where nature hath her treasures spread,
Where summer reigns a queen ;—

O foolish, fickle cottager,
Why is it thou art sad ?
And why doth care thy bosom stir,
When all is bright and glad ?

“ Yes, roses make my lattice gay,
My vines bear fruit of gold ;
Those herds that on the mountain stray,
Are inmates of my fold ;
And I can look on sky and stream
With glance as quick as thine ;
To me, as thee, the poet's dream
Is oft a dream divine :—
But deemest thou, vain questioner,
That these can bid depart
The longings and the love that stir,
Within an exile's heart ?

“ I know this foreign breeze to thee
New life and pleasure brings,

But England's storms would bear to me
More 'healing on their wings !'
This vale glows fair before my eyes,
But in my heart is shrined
The browner fields and paler skies,
Of one long left behind.
Go, traveller, and fondly roam
O'er classic field and flood,
Give me to dream of childhood's home,
Its wild flowers of the wood.
Be mine the scenes beheld no more,
Joys that have reached their goal,
The days, the songs, the thoughts of yore,—
The memories of the soul !”

STANZAS.

Why should we thus with an untoward mind,
And in the weakness of humanity,
From natural wisdom turn our hearts away,
To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears,
And feeding on disquiet, thus disturb
The calm of nature with our restless thoughts ?

Wordsworth.

I saw rich roses springing
With queen-like heads and fair ;
I heard the thrush far flinging
His shower of song through air ;
And kindly voices ringing,—
What did I then with care ?

The noontide radiance streaming,
Through bowering chestnuts played,
But brighter and gayer gleaming,
Than all by the sun-light made,
I saw a fond heart's dreaming
Light up a dark eye's shade.

The world was nought *there* showing
But summer, and youth, and love ;
Around, all bright flowers growing,
A still, bright sky above,—
And the wind's low murmur flowing
Through the leaves, like the note of the dove.

Yet I stood there in gloom and sadness,
Mine, the sole shadow there,
For the vision of long-past gladness
Is a present grief to bear,
And the yearning of heart is madness,
One only is left to share !

TO A DYING FRIEND.

Yes, for him the victor,
Sing—but low, sing low !
A soft, sad, miserere chaunt,
For a soul about to go !

Mrs. Hemans.

Go to thy glorious home, I would not stay thee,
Go to the land where only pleasures flow,
Might sorrowing love, and human prayers detain thee,
Friend of my spirit—I would bid thee go.

Go to thy glorious home, I would not stay thee ;
Fade on, fade on, as sweet day yields to night ;
And if the darkness for awhile array thee,
'Tis but to clothe thee in a day more bright.

Yet blame not that my heart is wildly heaving,
Triumph and joy are in my tears for thee,
And if there mingle with them tears of grieving,
How should the living from life's pangs be free?

Light love may fade, and youthful zeal may perish,
As rainbows vanish, and as leaves decay;
But mine, born in the soul, my soul will cherish,
Flee as thou wilt beyond my reach away.

And thou art going—not as spring flowers wither
Soon to return—when may I look for thee?
Going so far—sight may not track thee thither,
Nor strong wings follow where thy flight will be.

To the bright stars in lofty myriads burning,
To the calm clouds piled in the summer air,
Oft shall I look with love's fond helpless yearning,
But none will tell me if thy home be there.

TO A DYING FRIEND.

The haunts that knew thee, glade, and hearth, and
bower,

They will be silent when I bid them speak ;
And living friends questioned till life's last hour,
They will but tell me—" Gone is she you seek !"

Yet go, yet go, ev'n though I know not whither,
Save that where God is, will thy dwelling be,
Oft shall I *feel* thy spirit say—" Come hither ;"
Oft will mine answer—" Soon I come to thee !"

TO THE SAME.

Oh ! a haunted heart is a weight to bear !

Mrs. Hemans.

My brow is burning
And my heart is yearning
With wishes infinite, and longings vain,
For thee passing away
Into eternal day,
Whom I shall look on, never more again.

I would not stay thy flight
From this our earthly night
I would but watch thee till thy life depart ;
Not in the busy street,
Walk with unwilling feet,
Because they may not wander with my heart.

Upon the shows of life,
Pleasure, and care, and strife,
My eye is gazing but can nought behold ;
Save the close-curtained room,
Where, through the still, sad gloom,
A face is shining that must soon be cold.

Nor can the city's din
Better an entrance win
Into the sealed chamber of mine ear ;
There, whispers faint and brief,
Uttered of love and grief,
Are pealing louder than the trumpet near.

No object can I see
But thy abode and thee,
Too much, alas! of every thought is thine ;
Dreams place me by thy side,
But day-light parts us wide,
And then with longing thoughts I vainly pine.

But oh ! is this like Him,
Who when death's shadow dim
Fell on the friend in whom his heart reposed,
Suffered no earthly mood
Upon his soul intrude,
And went not to him till the grave was closed !

TO A VILLAGE CHURCH.

Sainted spot,
With peace and love and hope imbued !

Alaric A. Watts.

WHY art thou precious, fane obscure,
Undecked by nature, art, or pride,
The treasure of one hamlet poor,
Unknown to all beside ;—
With rocky hills around thee strewed,
And thou hewn from them, low and rude ?

Why art thou fair? no sabbath suns
 Guide proud processions to thy door,
Nor priestly pomp, nor song of nuns,
 Within, their influence pour;
One lowly man of God alone,
And rites as simple are thine own.

I muse on thee, till straight arise
 To Thought's creating view,
The stately domes of other skies,
 And those the old world knew;
Till these dark hills and barren glebes,
Give place to Ephesus and Thebes.

I see the lovely Delphic shrine,
 Far off in snowy brightness glow;
Mark the rich gloom, profound, divine,
 The laurels round it throw;
Ev'n Zion's temple I behold,
A marble mountain lined with gold.

This air becomes enchanted breath,
Where melodies and odours blend ;
Crowned victims move along to death,
Triumphant shouts ascend ;
All strange sweet visions float around,
All glorious things of sight and sound.

I start—and fancy's reign is o'er,
My dream is with the dews of morn,
Temple, and shrine, and grove no more
This lonely wild adorn ;
Meek structure !—yet since *thou* art here,
They claim not, nor deserve a tear.

Thou art no gorgeous dwelling-place
For idol-gods and rights impure,
Nor hast thou sculptured forms of grace,
Sin's empire to secure ;—
The spirit, and the truth are thine,
Knowledge immortal ! light divine !

Kings crowd not to thine altar mean,
To bribe thy oracles with gold,
But rustic worshippers are seen,
Sheep of a Christian fold ;
Who hear of life beyond the grave,
And joys Elysium never gave.

Nor Zion's glories once so dear,
Need we to quicken or control,
Pillar and cloud were useless here
Thou temple of the soul !
Where Christ is seen by faith's meek eyes,—
Shechinah both and sacrifice.

So thou art precious, fane obscure,
Undecked by Nature, art, or pride,
The treasure of one hamlet poor,
Unknown to all beside ;
With rocky hills around thee strewed,
And thou hewn from them, low and rude.

THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH.


Is there no armour of the soul wherein
I may array my thoughts and vanquish Death ?
It may not be : my hour is come—is come.

Barry Cornwall.

Look not on me, proud peering sun,
Thou dost but gild despair ;
How should the wretched and undone
Thy burning vision bear ?
Woe ! woe ! a brighter, sterner eye,
Scanning at once earth, sea, and sky,
Pierces my inmost heart ;
No darkness may its light absorb,
From *that* unslumbering searching orb,
Nor man nor fiend depart ;
Dwell where they may, with them it dwelleth ;
Stray where they will, their wanderings telleth.

Tomorrow—and this throbbing head[•]
I know will throb no more ;
Each passion from my soul be fled,
Life's stormy empire o'er.
Yet lull me not with flatteries fond,
The grave hath rest—but what beyond
Awaiteth one like me ?
The mental blind may leap the abyss,
The self-deceived may dream of bliss,
And saints that bliss may see ;
But I—thou canst not cheat my soul,
As points the race, so stands the goal !

And what hath been *my* toilsome race,
But Passion's maddening strife !
The world's caress, the world's disgrace,
My being's law and life !
Did I not earth a heaven deem,
And heaven the visionary's dream ?
Have I not spurned my God ?



Then tell me not of palm and crown,
My guerdon is my Maker's frown,
 Awhile the sheltering sod,
But when the trumpet breaks that gloom,
A darker fate, a fiercer doom.

Go—weep thine own neglected soul,
 Ere tears be vain as mine ;
Go drink where mercy's waters roll,
 Ere death's last thirst be thine ;
Go—take the sum of earthly things,
All, ever found by mightiest kings,—
 But take it by the cross ;
And know, there's not a joy that breathes,
A chaplet, fame power pleasure wreathes,
 Thou mayst not count a loss :—
Then, glance upon my warning grave,
And whom I slighted ask to save.

THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH PAST.

Yea, he hath finished !
 For him there is no longer any future—
 His life is bright.

No ominous hour
 Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap,
 Far off is he above desire and fear.

Coleridge's Wallenstein.

No—faithful friends, all fondly as ye grieve me,
 Seek not my longer sojourn midst your band ;
 For I—oh ! not from coldness—joy to leave ye,
 And view ye henceforth from the spirit's land.

Yet shall I live ; for love will memory lighten
 Of sullyng speck, earth-stain, and dimming cloud,
 And all of mine that could not bless or brighten,
 Be buried with me in the hiding shroud.

O nobler joy ! from God no longer starting
As the false bow its archer will deceive,
That temple entered whence is no departing,
Him shall I see, and love, no more to leave.

In the world's wilderness no more a stranger,
Seeking a home where home was never found,
And plucking poisonous fruits despite of danger,
And building bowers upon the False One's ground.

No more, to seek Siloah's chrystal fountain
And pastures green,—reluctantly and slow ;
No longer prone to stray from Zion's mountain,
Of rest above the only type below.

These are not dreams of earthly bliss that gladden—
No vain Elysium would I enter in ;
Sorrow itself would scarce have power to sadden
The heaven that proved a resting-place from sin.

Then, faithful friends, all fondly as ye grieve me,
 Seek not my longer sojourn midst your band,
For I—oh! not from coldness—joy to leave ye,
 And view ye henceforth from the spirit's land.

I LOVE THEE ROSE.

Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
 That fairer seems the less ye see her may !
 Lo ! see soon after, how more bold and free
 Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;
 Lo ! see soon after how she fades and falls away

Spenser.

I love thee rose—the flower of many a land,
 Lovely in each,—the gentle and the gay !
 From the coy stranger of a foreign strand,
 To happy England's homeborn wilding-spray.
 Flower of the fancy ! waking memories bland
 In hearts where age hath reared its empire grey,
 And calling up for youth's all joyous band,
 Hopes, like thy blossoms doomed to fade away.

I love thee rose—for thou hast tales to tell,
As many-hued, and various as thy race ;
Thou hast of smiles and tears the mingled spell,
Of sorrow's fantasies and pleasure's grace :
Thou art the flower when mirth and music swell,
Culled for her brow where loveliness hath place ;
And thou art culled when solemn shroud and knell
Proclaim death's darkness settled on her face.

I love thee rose—for in thy bosom lie
Treasures unrecked of by the plundering bee :
When thy fair leaves droop in the storm and die,
Or by rude hands are severed from the tree,—
And thou dost meekly lay thy beauty by,
To yield the spoiler sweets immortally—
Thou giv'st a lesson to the musing eye,
Of deathless love and gentle constancy.

I love thee rose—for that which some may scorn ;
For that which marks thee but an *earthly* flower ;—
Oh ! many a moral hangs upon thy thorn,
And sorrowing hearts full often prove their power
In love misplaced, and friendship worldly-born,
In human ills, of human sin the dower ;—
Yet, rose, for us there comes a glorious morn,
A land of fadeless bloom, and many a thornless
bower.

THE PRESENCE OF EVIL.

New times, new climes, new men, new arts, but still,
The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill.

Byron.

SIN—thou hast filled our earth with woe,
Alike in city, bower, and wild,
Man but a captive walks below,
And sorrow reigns where Eden smiled;
If happiness awhile revives,
How soon thy evil influence blights it !
And when the heart with anguish strives,
Thou add'st a sting to all that smites it.

From morn till eve, from youth to age,
Unnumbered things we seek and prove,
We wander many a varied stage,
But never from thy power remove.
There's not a passion, pang, or care,
A pleasure, fancy, or emotion,
But thou, with storms, or spells, art there,
Dark spirit of the heart's wild ocean.

SIN—thou hast made our earth a grave,
Thy record in its dust we see,
And blasting fire, and 'whelming wave,
Are only images of thee ;
Of thee, and of that darker death,
That hath through thee the soul o'ertaken—
Great God, or stay thy creature's breath,
Or let this tyrant power be shaken !

I AM COME BACK TO MY BOWER.

O 'tis the heart that magnifies this life
 Making a truth and beauty of her own.

Wordsworth.

I AM come back to my bower,
 But it is not as of yore,
 Withered every glowing flower,
 And the leaves are green no more ;
 Winter winds are sighing
 Where summer breezes strayed ;
 Winter mists are lying
 Where the sunbeams played ;

Hope, the sprite that gladdens,
Flees upon the blast,
Memory, that but saddens,
Lingers to the last :—
Telling of the roses,
Telling of the joys,
That life in spring discloses,
Its waning time destroys.

I am come back to my bower,
'Tis precious as of yore,
Though withered every flower,
And the leaves are green no more ;
Though mute the lark and linnet,
And still the humming bee,
Affection dwells within it,
A summer world to me ;
Though leaf and blossom perish,
And zephyrs pass away,

The glory that I cherish
Will never so decay ;—
HEARTS, to whom no weather
Change or blight can bring,
These love on together,
In winter as in spring.

THE SYREN WORLD.

The curtain's drawn—look there and you shall spy
The faded god of your idolatry.

Davenant.

WORLD—thou art old and grey !
World—thou art wearing away !
What of thy roses, beauty and power ?
There's a blight on the leaf, a worm in the flower ;
What are brave triumphs bravely won ?
Dreams revived of the days long gone,
Dreams forgotten ere these be done !
Princes in purple, and ladies in pall,

Masque, and music, and revel in hall,—
Grey haired wisdom and bright eyed youth,
Pleasures and treasures fair in sooth—
Thou hast them all, and they grace thee well !
Yet through thy music I hear the knell ;
Yet through thy gilding I mark the rust ;
Yet on thy trappings I view the dust :—
Thou hast painted again the faded past,
Spells and sunbeams over it cast,
And called it the present,—and bade men be
Blind to the future—and worship thee.
Thou wert a Syren, and souls thy prey,
Till the Deluge swept thee awhile away ;
Thou didst rise again from the whelming flood
Still a Syren and unsubdued ;
Ever deceiving since man had breath,
All to sorrow and most to death.
Thy changes are nought but of mode and time,
Thou art the same in each varying clime ;

Thy shrine a rainbow, thy crown of flowers,
Renewed as they wither with fresh from the bowers
Thy smile, like a summer's day bright and bold
That dawns in roses and sets in gold ;
Thy melting voice and beguiling brow,
Soft as the dew that drops from the bough,
Each word a promise, each look a vow.
But sorrow and death unmask thy charms,
And the victims shrink from thy twining arms,
Feeling thy pleasures, viewing thy bloom,
Changed to darkness, and dust, and doom !
But others arise in their place—and thou—
Art still a Syren-World as now.

THE ALTERED HEART.

For to itself it oft so diverse grew,
That still it seemed the same, and still it seemed a new.

Giles Fletcher.

SEEK a heart that loveth well,
In the trusting time of youth,
It hath glorious tales to tell
Of constancy and truth;
Speak thou of chance and change,
Of frailty, not of faith,
Say hearts are prone to range,
And love allied to death;

Tell of the myriads smitten,
While trusting human sway ;
Tell of the curse that's written,
It will but answer "Nay."

How should that bosom grieve
Whilst rich in present joy !
How learn to disbelieve
Before it feels alloy !
As well the linnet singing,
Despise its summer cheer ;
The gay green leaf when springing,
Forbode the winter drear ;
Had all bright things that flutter,
When whispered of decay,
But power a word to utter,
That uttered word were "Nay."

Go, seek that heart when old
Through sorrow or through strife,
Tell it love grows not cold,
That faith lives on through life ;
Say, hearts if once united,
Unite unto the end ;
Say, Truth is e'er requited,
That friend ne'er smiteth friend ;—
Then bid the leaf and linnet
Subdued by winter strong,
Recall each golden minute,
Of summer life and song ;
Tell them of future glory—
So tell the one grown grey—
Their wreck will mock thy story,
Their silence answer “ Nay.”

THE ROVING BEE.

Nature's self's thy Ganymede.

Cowley.

EVERY bud possessing
 That the garden yields,
 Yet in search of blessing
 Found in distant fields,
 Wild inconstant bee,
 What so false as thee?

Nay, he loves each flower
 Till its honey fails;
 He forsakes no bower,
 Till its beauty pales;—
 Winged and wandering bee,
 Wherefore libel thee?

Doth he waste the treasure
Gathered by his art,
And in idle pleasure
Revel and depart?
Grave and diligent bee,
There's no guile in thee!

Sipping each bud's sweetness,
None dost thou destroy,
They flourish on in meetness,
Bloom without alloy;
O gentle, gentle bee,
Nought injured is by thee!

HEART, as prone to roving,
Idle, selfish thing,
Thine's no guileless loving,
Thou dost mar and sting—
Unlike the harmless bee,
Each flower that shelters thee.

Ever, ever toiling
For thine own delight,
Ever, ever spoiling
That thou findest bright—
Proud heart, the roving bee
Is worthier far than thee !


THE PEARL OF PRICE.

The depth saith, it is not in me ; and the sea saith, it is not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the
price thereof.

Book of Job.

I LOOKED upon a monarch's pledge of power,
His golden crown, itself a regal dower ;
Pearls 'mid the garniture gleamed rich and rare,
But one, the ONE I sought, I found not there.

I saw within a maiden's bride-bower gay,
A wily trafficker his wares display,
Till with Aladdin's cave it might compare—
Gorgeous with gems—yet, was the pearl not there.



I traversed ocean, pierced each precious mine,
Earth's every treasure-house where bright things
shine ;
Saw, from the Persian wave the diver bear
Pearls—goodly pearls—still one was absent there.

Then from my bosom breathed a voice,—“ How
vain
This weary search through cavern, mount, and main ;
A shrine of dust, man's heart of sin and care,
Is the pearl's casket, when Christ dwelleth there !”

A QUEEN'S GRIEF.

Then all gave way—mind, passion, pride.

Croly.

“ A BOON—a boon—thou noble queen,”
A suppliant kneeling said,
“ There’s one doth crave a word with thee,
And she passeth to the dead ;
Yet recks she nought of priest, or prayer,
And nought of friend, or brother,
But calleth night and day on thee,
On thee, and on one other.”

Then up arose proud England's queen,
And like a ship on ocean,
She glided from her courtier throng,
With stately mien and motion.
She stood beside the dying bed,
She gave good words of cheer,
And smiled—but 'twas the smile of one,
Fewer might love than fear.

The dying woman whispered low,
Her words were faint and few,
But they made the queen as a willow weak,
Her brow take a pallid hue !
She heard of one well loved of old,
She saw his trusted token,
And knew that he bowed to his bloody death,
Deeming her promise broken.

There should be peace in life's last hour,
Hope, and love, and prayer,
But here, the living felt but rage,
The dying but despair!
And each departed to her place,
One to a guilty grave,
The other to sit in her palace hall,
Envyng serf and slave ;
And ere three days to lie cold and still,
As him—her mourned and brave.

WHERE DWELLETH GOOD?

Beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there my child.

Mrs. Hemans.

MEN with passions earth deform,
Ocean is a thing of storm,
On the fair sky dark clouds swarm,—
Where dwelleth good?

In the city there is strife,
In the hamlet languid life,
In the heart are vain thoughts rife,—
Where dwelleth good?

Sadness in a life of pleasure,
Weariness in ease and leisure,
Fear in power, and care in treasure,—
Where dwelleth good ?

Where no night is ever greeted,
Where no time is ever meted,
Far away where God is seated,—
There dwelleth good.

Yet awhile—and he shall sway
Earth—as now the realms of day,
Then will men no longer say,—
Where dwelleth good ?

Like a mighty sea unbound,
It shall spread beneath—around—
Be in all things felt and found,—
Life and good the same.

HOME! HOME!

Is not my light like that holier light
That Heaven sheds over life's path?

L. E. L.

“HOME!—home!—vain wanderer, why that murmured plaint,

Breaking the quiet of thy green retreat?

The hills, the free breeze, and the echo faint

Of the rock-beating billows round thee meet;

Song too is thine, and at thy lattice glows

The bright wild tracery of the cottage-rose.

“Home! home! young stranger? Thine is darkly
placed

’Mid the pent city’s weary strife of sound ;
Nor hath it natural beauty, nor is graced

By the proud splendours art can spread around ;
Then let thy vain heart cease its vainer dreaming,
And taste the joys, here, here, like sunlight streaming.

“Thou art not lonely our gay band among,
The brave, the gentle, and the young are here,
Hearts flowering with affections fair and strong,
And voices musical with words of cheer ;
Forget thy home, sad stranger, in those eyes
That beam more brightly than Italian skies.”

“Forget ! Lethean stream reveal thy source,
And though within thee droops the aconite,
And verdure shrinks and withers in thy course,
No mountain rill to me were half so bright.
Childhood restored, pure and without regret,
That were a boon—what were it to forget !

“ Forget the passions that have gloomed the soul,
Like night upon the mountains; view no more
The phantom Time wave his accusing scroll
That conscience saw and trembled at before;—
To feel no present happiness o’ercast
By aching fears—oh! to forget the past!

“ Yet not my home, sweet friend;—it is not fair
And seemlier therefore, for a soul like mine,
The lovely and the glorious be *thy* share:
The weary bird doth but for shelter pine,
And the worn heart for old forbearing love,
That, like the patriarch, hails its wandering dove.

“ Sunsets that antedate the scenes of heaven,
And smiles, and songs, and voices soft as those
That to the ear in other days were given,
But silent now, in memory’s cell repose,—
Meek radiant eyes, stars imaged on a stream—
Ye are all here, yet, yet, of home I dream.”

FANCY AND PHILOSOPHY.

When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

Campbell.

FANCY, thou art a waking dream,
For ever frail and flitting,
Like sunlight on a varying stream,
With shadows intermitting.

Thou art a bird in song and heart,
Mirth's ever favoured minion,
'Tis thine amidst the clouds to dart,
On gay fantastic pinion.

Thou art a queen—but of what land,
No human wights discover,
Save those enchanted by thy wand,
The poet, child, and lover.

They revel 'mid the shows of things,
And pleasure but ideal,
To their rapt heart contentment brings,
To them is treasure real.

PHILOSOPHY derides their sport,
Majestically deeming
These butterflies of nature's court,
Degrade her by their dreaming.

He looks abroad, and tells of space
Magnificently spreading,
Calls every star a dwelling-place,
Where men perchance are treading.

Flowers he can class, make light his own,
All nature's analyser,
He only loves her having grown
Mechanically wiser.

But Fancy not a moment checks
Her wanderings ærial,
With "wreathed smiles, and nods, and becks,"
She scoffs his laws material.

The stars are little drops of light,
Or, power alchymic showing,
She deems them "golden eyes of night"
From earthly matter growing.

The flowers, the fields, the air of earth,
She views in simple glory,
Loves with the joy of infant mirth,
And consecrates in story.

Yet nature will to her unseal
Deep secrets, all unbidden,
Beauty, no learning may reveal,
And truths from reason hidden.

Philosophy, thou sway'st the mind,
In thought, in action dealing ;
Thou, Fancy, art in hearts enshrined,
Thy triumphs those of feeling.

ADIEU ! ADIEU !

Oh ! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirred !

Miss Bowles.

The rose to its summer splendour,
Leaves to their first bright hue,
Do not all beings render
Each unto each—adieu ?

Then call it not fault, or feigning,
Call it not pride undue,
Call it not kindness waning,
Only—adieu !—adieu !

There may be gentle feeling,
There may be friendship true,
When from the lip is stealing
Only—adieu !—adieu !

Thoughts may the soul be smiting,
Thoughts neither cold nor few,
Ev'n while the hand is writing
Only—adieu !—adieu !

The heart, like the violet's leaf,
Its flower may hide from view,
Call it not love or grief,
Yet still—adieu !—adieu !

Adieu !—but in gloom or brightness,
Think there is one friend true,
The one that in seeming lightness
Once said—adieu !—adieu !

THE HAPPY SPIRIT.

Weep not, my mother, weep not, I am blest,
But must leave heaven if I return to thee ;
For I am where the weary are at rest,
The wicked cease from troubling—Come to me !
Old Epitaph.

WHY do ye weep?—to know that dust
No longer dims my soul ?
To know that I am rendered just
A victor at heaven's goal ?
Or weep ye that *I* weep no more—
That sorrow's living reign is o'er ?

Father—art *thou* a man of tears,
Because thy child is free
From the earthly strifes and human fears,
Oppressive ev'n to thee ?
Nay, triumph that thou bad'st me love
The rest, that I have found above.

My mother weep not—tears will hide
My glory from thy view ;
If thou hadst taught me guile, or pride,
Then tears of blood were due ;
But thy fond lips spoke truths divine,
Rejoice, that now their meed is mine.

Sister, sweet sister, leave my tomb,
Thy loved one is not there,
Nor will its planted flow'rets bloom
Whilst wept on by despair ;
I dwell in blissful scenes of light,
Rejoice, that thou didst aid my flight.

Let faith's resplendent sun arise,
And scatter from each soul
The clouds that veil its native skies,
The mists that round it roll ;
Rejoice, that I have found a home,
Whence never more my feet will roam.

Tears for the dead who die in sin,
And tears for living crime ;
Tears when the conscience wakes within
First in expiring time ;
Tears for the lost—but Heaven's own voice
Says for the Christian dead—rejoice.

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A REMEMBERED SCENE.

I sing of thee ;—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing !


Allan Cunningham.

Not for thy loveliness though rare,
(Few are the bowers of earth so fair)
Not for thy name—though all around
Was hallowed and romantic ground ;—
Remembered scene ! not these thy spell,
And yet I loved thee, love thee well.

Brief was my sojourn in thy breast,
The sojourn of a stranger-guest,
And love and duty now entwine
My heart around another shrine ;
Yet, with an influence none may see,
Still yearns my spirit unto thee !

I loved thee, as the parched Gazelle
The sweetness of the desert well ;
As Arab tribes the fruitful palm ;
As shipwrecked mariners the calm ;
As loves the wounded bird its nest ;
The toil-worn slave his hour of rest.

Beloved spot ! first, first in thee,
Did sickness set its captive free ;
Thine was the “ air, the earth, the skies,”
That seemed “ an opening Paradise ;”
For, life’s decaying fire renewed,
Sufficient was thy solitude.



O joy was in thy leafy glade,
Where winningly the soft breeze played ;
There found my heart in bud and bell,
Treasures of thought and fancy dwell ;
There listened to the simplest sound
With feelings passionate—profound.

'Twas childhood for awhile restored
The dew of morn at noontide poured ;
Spring flowers in unexpected bloom,
'Mid dying Autumn's cold and gloom ;
Alas ! such influence breathes no more,
The vision and the spell are o'er !

Again the world is in my heart,
Around me spreads the crowded mart ;
Yet thou, remembered scene, canst throw
O'er each dull shade a heightening glow:—
As *after* sunset gleams the west,
Thy radiant vision cheers my breast.

A MAIDEN'S FANTASY.

Thou must
Acknowledge that more loving dust
Ne'er wept beneath the skies.

Heaven and Earth.

O WERE my Love a bee,
I would not chide his absence from my bowers,
His bright wild wanderings 'mid a thousand flowers ;
Enough for me,
To know my heart the hive where he might bring
His treasured honey, fold his weary wing.

Or if a rose were he,
I would not frown upon his gallant play
With dews, and sunbeams, and the zephyrs gay ;
Enough for me,
To pluck the coronal when nought caressed,
And shroud its dying beauty in my breast.

Or if a fair star he,
That won all eyes and seemed on all to shine,
I would not blame his beauty or repine ;
Enough for me,
Like a small quiet billow none survey,
To tremble in his light, then melt away.

O sweet Love be,
Of the wide world the glory and the dream,
Whate'er may fairest, brightest, goodliest seem.
Enough for me,
To mark and tell thy triumphs, yet divine,
No love so gentle, or so deep as mine.

A SUMMER EVE'S VISION.

Thought from the bosom's inmost cell,
By magic tints made visible.

Montgomery.

I HEARD last night a lovely lute,
I heard it in the sunset hour,
When every jarring sound was mute,
And golden light bathed field and flower.

I saw the hills in bright repose,
And far away a silent sea,
Whilst nearer hamlet-homes arose,
Each sheltered by its guardian tree.

O'er all was spread a soft blue sky,
And where the distant waters rolled,
Type of the blest abodes on high
Swept the sun's path of pearl and gold.

I turned me from a gentle throng,
Night stilled the lute and quenched the beam,
But sunset and the voice of song
Pursued me—and I slept to dream.

I dreamt that I again was young,
With merry heart and frolic will,
That hopes around my spirit clung,
As morning mists enwreath the hill.

I saw ambition's heights arise,
Fame's pathway o'er it spread sublime,
And sprang all bird-like to the skies,
Nor feared the coming night of time.

Unwearied up the steep I prest,
And vainly deemed my home would be
'Mid the bright bowers where crowned ones rest,
Amid the glorious and the free.

But soon came on a darker mood,
Fame's lingering sunbeam ceased to glow,
The heights grew barren where I stood,
And Death's wide Ocean roared below.

Then waking from that troubled dream,
This lesson did my heart imbue,
In every earthly hope and scheme,
How far the seeming from the true !

THERE IS NONE LIKE UNTO THEE.**Jeremiah x. 6.**

**IN the dark winter of affliction's hour,
When summer friends and pleasures haste away,
And the wrecked heart perceives how frail each power,
It made a refuge, and believed a stay ;
When man all wild and weak is seen to be—
There's none like thee, O Lord, there's none like
thee !**

When the world's sorrow—working only death,
And the world's comfort—caustic to the wound,
Make the wrung spirit loathe life's daily breath,
As jarring music from a harp untuned ;
While yet it dare not from the discord flee,—
There's none like thee, O Lord ! there's none like thee !

When the tossed mind surveys its hidden world,
And feels in every faculty a foe,
United but in strife ; waves urged and hurled
By passion and by conscience, winds of woe,
Till the whole being is a storm-swept sea—
There's none like thee, O Lord ! there's none like thee !

Thou, in adversity, canst be a sun ;
Thou hast a healing balm, a sheltering tower,
The peace, the truth, the life, the love of ONE,
Nor wound, nor grief, nor storm, can overpower ;
Gifts of a king ; gifts, frequent and yet free,—
There's none like thee, O Lord ! none, none like thee !

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

Proverbs xviii. 14.

WIND—play o'er my brow,
Cool it with thy breath,
Lest within it now
Fever turn to death ;
Leave that bending rose,
Bright things do not heed thee ;
Let that stream repose,
Coolness doth not need thee.

Wave—flow o'er my brain,
Flow through memory's cell,
Till the strife—the pain—
That within it dwell,
With thy waters blended
Cease to toss and burn ;
In oblivion ended,
Never more return.

O dark quiet night,
Linger, linger round me,
Let thy shadowy might,
As if death had bound me,
Lay its weight of calm
On this tortured being,
By its opiate-balm
Make me all unseeing.

Wind, and night, and wave,
Ye are powerless all,

Ev'n the deep cold grave
 Mocks me when I call!
What may soothe or aid,
 Grief the soul can feel?—
God! thy hand that made,
 Is the hand must heal!

THE RESTING-PLACE.

Psalm cxvi. 7.

CALL it not liberty—this ceaseless ranging,
 The universe a prison were for thee ;
 Call it not happiness—this reckless changing,
 Home to thy rest, there only, glad and free.

Call it not glory—round earth's heights to hover ;
 Though glittering sunbeams sleep upon their crest,
 Rills and sweet verdure dream not to discover,
 'Tis barren brightness—hie thee to thy rest.

Call it not peace —though love awhile reposes,
A quiet guest within thy bosom's bower ;
Though his wild wing stir not the wreathing roses,
And hope an iris give, without a shower ;—

Vain heart ! vain heart ! trust not the subtle seeming ;
Are they of heaven that bright one and the bow ?
Of heaven in changelessness of lustre beaming ?
And hath earth constancy ? No, dreamer, no.

Back to thy ark, thou fickle, foolish ranger,
Life's ocean-realm reveals no other home ;
Stability in joy, defence in danger,
And pledge of Paradise—ah ! wherefore roam ?

Wakes there a love like His that being lent thee ?
An eye like that, nor clouds nor slumbers dim ?
Will not Omnipotence, frail thing, content thee ?
Hath the world glory there is not in Him ?

Then rest thee, rest, for thou art worn and weary ;
Rest, throbbing wanderer, but not below ;
Home to thy ark, thy God, 'tis he will cheer thee,
Why seek thy solace in a world of woe !

O THAT I HAD WINGS !

Psalm lv. 6.

I ask not wings
That I may flee to bright and far off isles,
Where nature ever smiles,
Those isles of palms and flower-embroidered springs,
Painters pourtray, and the young poet sings.

Not wings to find
Myself above my fellows—proudly free
To roam o'er mount and sea,
My body as ethereal as my mind,
And my sole mate the bold unfettered wind.

Nor wings I crave,
To soar self-wafted where the planets shine,
And there no more divine
Aught of the ills humanity must brave,
Sorrow and pain, with their fierce cure—the grave.

O not for pride,
Or power, or revelling ease my spirit sings,
“ Give, give me wings.”
The isles may bloom unseen, the stars abide
In unshared quiet, and the winds untried.

Only from crime,
And vanity, and the bewildering maze
Of the perverse world's ways,
Would I escape ;—but ah ! the realm sublime
That these inhabit not—what wings may climb ?

No eagle's plume,
Nor ev'n the quicker pinion of the dove,
May reach that land of love ;
The world that lies beyond the desolate tomb,
A glory guarded by encircling gloom.

Yet, there *are* wings,
Can flutter towards its confines even here ;
Faith, that despises fear,
Hope, that an olive-branch from mercy brings,
And love, that trembles oft, yet trembling, upward
springs !

THE RETURNING WANDERER.

Jeremiah xxi. 9.

Yes—the depth of gloom is over,
Light is breaking on my soul,
And the long benighted rover,
Faintly views the promised goal :—
Though 'tis but a dawning light,
Rises on my inward sight,
Yet it bids me hope for more,
Tells me that the night is o'er.

Brighter rays will follow fast,
On these dim and troubled skies,
Till the sun himself, at last,
Shall in glorious strength arise ;
Then will shadows flee away,
Then appear the perfect day,
Then the face of heaven and earth
Shine in renovated mirth.

Of the land around me spread,
Little though as yet I see,
Know not what to hope or dread,
What to follow, what to flee ;—
Soon, I trust, the rising day
Will reveal that narrow way,
Which before the pilgrim lies,
Who would travel to the skies.

Though I have a foe within,
 Ever seeking for my life ;
Though I have a prize to win,
 Win, by watching prayer and strife ;
Though I hear the battle sound,
And have not my armour found,
Feel alike in word and deed,
Powerless in the hour of need :—

Yet I trust the hand of grace,
 Soon will gird me for the fight,
Wing my spirit for the race,
 Grant the panoply of light.
Then no more of death afraid,
I shall conquer by that aid,
Run the course before me set.
Nor forbidden paths regret.

Saviour! though I love not thee
With the love thy followers feel,
Saviour, even unto me
Somewhat of thyself reveal ;
Hast thou not a blessing left,
Meet for one of all bereft ?
Fainting at thy feet I lie,
Saviour bless me or I die.

THEY SHALL REVIVE AS THE CORN.**Hosea xiv. 7.**

O FAIR the lily grows,
No emblem meet for me,
Its snowy lustre throws
Reproach on all I see ;
But if wheat's tender blade,
Beat down by wind and rain,
May hope to raise its head
And grow to golden grain,—

This drooping soul of mine may thrive,
Again rejoice, again revive :—

Only by power divine ;
And love that sins transcend ;
No light but God's may shine,
No dews but Heaven's descend,—
To quicken this dull frame,
To cleanse this earth-stained heart ;—
Beam forth ethereal flame,
Sweet dews your aid impart ;
Without ye all in vain I strive,
This sinking soul will ne'er revive.

Care weighs my conscience down,
And sorrow clouds each thought,
No brow but wears a frown,
No eye with love is fraught ;
All objects seem estranged,
And chide me or condemn ;

Yet 'tis not they are changed,

But I am changed to them—

SPIRIT, whose grace can all survive,

Come thou and this faint soul revive.

NOW MINE EYE SEETH THEE.

Job xlii. 5.

WHOM see I? Not the God I sought,
 With vague imaginings of mind ;
 A Deity of formless thought,
 A God no human heart can find.

Whom see I? Not the God of fire
 Mosaic priest and prophet saw,
 A Being of avenging ire,
 The Father of a flaming law.

I see him not on wild and waste,
Where pilgrim patriarchs bent the knee,
Nor yet in Zion's temple, graced
As temple never more may be.

They heard from Sinai's steep his voice,
But I on Calvary view his face ;
I see him, and with right rejoice,
I see him full of truth and grace.

He speaks—it is a brother's tone,
He bleeds—the stream is blood divine ;
He dies—but in that dying groan
Is life for myriad souls—for mine.

THE DOVE OF THE VALLEY.

Ezekiel vii. 16.

ART *thou* an emblem, gentle, guileless bird,
Of human hearts lamenting sin and strife ?
And gladly as thy low sweet song is heard,
Are groaning prayers hailed in the land of life ?

Yes, Heaven unfrowning, hears each bitter tale,
The world's proud anger would command to cease ;
Listens to guilt and grief, as in the vale
We, thy blent strain of pensiveness and peace.

O joy, O glory, wondrous, and yet true,
That softest love with mightiest power may live !
Wrath quench its thunderbolts in Mercy's dew,
And God receive whom man will scarce forgive !

Then, wounded bird, struck by the archer Sin,
Frail, erring, wounded, weary human heart,
Flee where the healer waits to take thee in,
But oh ! from earth's dark vale—depart !—depart !

HYMN FOR A CHILD.

We'll bring the first born of our flowers,
To kiss thy feet and crown thy head.

Crashaw.

JESUS—whom creation owns

Gracious, mighty, kind, and true ;
Lord of angels on their thrones,
Lord of little children too ;—

Why, my Saviour, do I grieve thee
Oft in spirit, word, and deed ?
And for foolish pleasures leave thee
Till there comes a time of need ?

Then I beg of thee for pardon,
Then I long to call thee friend ;
Fear lest sin my bosom harden,
And I perish in the end.

Saviour, by the cross that bore thee,
By the thorns that rent thy brow,
Help me better to adore thee,
Help to love and serve thee now.

Bid my stubborn spirit break,
Bid my stormy temper cease,
Of my heart a temple make,
For the holy Prince of Peace.

Make me love thy house of prayer,
Prize the sabbath-day of rest,
And, despite what scoffers dare,
Count thy word and people blest.

Make me unto each and other,
Or of high or low degree,
Kind and meek as to a brother,
Kind and meek for love of thee.

O my Saviour! let thy Spirit
Teach me worthily to live,
Till thine all-atoning merit
Shall a place in heaven give.

TO MY OWN HEART.

I am a little world made cunningly.

Donne.

COME, let me sound thy depths, unquiet sea
 Of thought and passion ; let thy wild waves be
 Calm for a moment. Thou mysterious mind—
 No human eye may see, no fetters bind ;
 Within me, ever near me as a friend
 That whilst I know I fail to comprehend ;
 Fountain, whence sweet and bitter waters flow,
 The source of happiness, the cause of woe,—
 Of all that spreads o'er life enchantment's spell,
 Or bids it be anticipated hell ;—
 Come let me talk with thee, allotted part
 Of immortality—my own deep heart !

Yes, deep and hidden now, but soon unsealed,
Must thou thy deepest thoughts and secrets yield :
Like the old sea, put off the shrouding gloom
That makes thee now a prison-house and tomb ;
Spectres and sins that undisturbed have lain,
Must hear the judgment-voice and live again.
Then woe or bliss for thee :—thy ocean-mate,
Material only in its birth and fate,
Its rage rebuked, its captive hosts set free,
And homage paid, shall shrink away, and be
With all the mutinous billows o'er it hurled,
Less than a dew-drop on a rose impearled !
But thou—but thou—or darker, or more fair
The sentence and the doom that waits thee there.
No rock will hide thee in its friendly breast,
No death dismiss thee to eternal rest ;
The solid earth thrilled by the trumpet's call,
Like a sere leaf shall tremble ere it fall,—

From heaven to hell one EYE extend and shine,
That can forgotten deeds and thoughts divine—
How wilt thou brook that day, that glance, frail
heart of mine ?

Spirit within me, speak ; and through the veil
That hides thee from my vision, tell thy tale ;
That so the present and the past may be
Guardians and prophets to futurity.
Spirit by which I live, thou art not dumb,
I hear thy voice ; I called and thou art come ;
I hear thy still and whispering voice of thought
Thus speak, with memories and musings fraught :—

“ Mortal, Immortal, would desires like these
Had claimed thy prime, employed thine hours of ease !
But then, within thee burned th' enthusiast's fire,
Wild love of freedom, longings for the lyre ;—

And ardent visions of romantic youth,
Too fair for time, and oh ! too frail for truth !
Aspirings nurst by solitude and pride,
Worlds to the dreamer, dreams to all beside ;
Bright vague imaginings of bliss to be,
None ever saw, yet none despaired to see,
And aimless energies that bade the mind
Launch like a ship and leave the world behind.
But duty disregarded, reason spurned,
Knowledge despised, and wisdom all unlearned,
Punished the rebel who refused to bow,
And stamped SELF-TORTURER on th' enthusiast's brow.

“ No earthly happiness exists for such,
They shrink like insects from the gentlest touch ;
A breath can raise them, but a breath can kill,
And such wert thou—how sad the memory still !
Without a single real grief to own,
Yet ever mourning fancied joys o'erthrown ;—

Viewing mankind with delicate disdain,
Unshared their pleasures, unrelieved their pain ;
Self, thy sole object, interest, aim, end, view,
The circle's centre, oft the circle too.

“ 'Tis past ! 'tis past !—and never more may rise
The wasted hours I now have learned to prize ;
Youth, like a summer sun, hath sunk to rest,
But left no glory lingering in its west.
Maturer life hath real sorrows brought,
And made me blush for those that such once thought ;
Fancy is bankrupt of her golden schemes,
Tried in the world they proved but glittering dreams ;
Remembrance views with unavailing tears,
The accusing phantoms of departed years,
While Hope too often lays her anchor by,
Or only lifts to heaven a troubled eye ;
Too oft forebodings agonize the soul,
As lamentation filled the prophet's roll.

“ Why do I speak of this ? though sad, though true,
I know a calmer mood, a brighter view :
The restless ocean hath its hours of rest,
And sleep may visit those by pain oppress ;
More shade than sunlight o’er his heart may sweep,
Who yet is cheerful, nay, may seldom weep ;
And he may learn, though late, and by degrees,
To love his neighbour and desire to please ;
Rejoice o’er those who never go astray,
And those who do, assist to find their way :
Life he may look on with a sobered eye,
And how to live, think less than how to die ;
Love all that’s fair on earth, or near or far,
Yet deem the fairest but a shooting star,
And strive to point his spirit’s inward sight,
To orbs for ever fixed, for ever bright ;
Mourn countless sins, yet trust to be forgiven,
And feel a hesitating hope of heaven !”

THE HOUR OF ACCOUNT.

In gloom and thunder,
 That day of wonder
 Shall burst unlooked for in the midst of life,
 When bells are ringing,
 And maidens singing,
 And warriors shouting in the field of strife.

Anonymous.

It was not to the trumpet's tone,
 'Mid seraphs girt as foes,
 And lightning-flash and earthquake-groan,
 That this fair earth arose :
 A viewless spirit stirred the deep,
 One living word breathed o'er its sleep,
 And nature from repose,—
 With radiant stream and flowery sod,
 Awoke, the beautiful of God !

Far other sound, far other sign,
Than song from angel lyres,
Or beamings of the Love Divine,
Must be when earth expires !
Blackness and blood in upper air,
Below, all phantom-sights that scare,
Terror, and wrath, and fires ;
And trumpet-tones so deep and dread.
There rest no sleepers, sleep no dead !

Forth from the prison-house they come,
Wearing their forms of life,
Solemn, and still, and cold, and dumb,
Yet fraught with inward strife :
Each bearing from his opened bier
His buried heart of guilt or fear,
And thoughts with conscience rife ;
Each bound for judgment, and as guide,
The past, a spectre, by his side.

Eternal in their power and pain,
The memories once far fled,
Come crowding back upon the brain,
So lately cold and dead !
Written no more on earthly sand,
All living, fadeless, burning stand,
Life's evils done, and said—
Till every single glance within,
Reapeth a harvest dire of sin !

Nation and tribe through ages fled,
Scattered as dust may be,
They come, a breathing host they tread,
Gathered from land and sea ;
Many and mighty, yet all hushed,
The monarch by the slave he crushed,
The bondman by the free,—
On, on, the living ocean rolls
Its billows of immortal souls !

On to the judgment. Some to meet
 Their partings henceforth o'er,
And some before that severing seat
 To part, and meet no more !
To judgment—where no darkling thought
But into blazing light is brought ;
 And counsels hid before,
Dismantled of the mists of time
Reveal their character and crime !

'Tis past—the one dread hour is past—
 Where is the rainbow-throne ?
The crowd that heard the trumpet-blast ?
 The earth they called their own ?
They are vanished like a cloud afar,
There looks not on them sun or star,
 Spirits survive alone ;—
And they, beyond the world they trod ;
Live in the smile or frown of God !

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This is the mark and glory of our frame,—
A soul capacious of the Deity.

Waller.

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